

# Turn Myself In

Lil Durk

Ooh  
Squat made the beat  
Turn me up, Josh  
Ooh  
Go Grizz  
Ooh  
W-W-W-Winner's Circle

Yeah, yeah, yeah, God, can you hear me?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, niggas ain't really with me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, main homies turned against me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, heard the story, think I'm finished  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, give my lawyer a hundred and fifty  
Ooh, oh

I wish I would turn myself in before I fuck one last time  
I wish I would turn myself in before I pour up one pint  
I wish I would turn myself in without kissin' my kids, no, it ain't right  
I wish I would turn myself in without playin' that shit back that night  
I wish I would turn myself in without droppin' my album  
I wish I would put trust in a nigga knowin' they goin' sour  
I told 'em I wish I would, I fuck her in the butt, go douche  
Told her put a big bag on my books, make sure my artist get pushed  
Look up at the judge, can't look, stay makin' up lies for sure  
I'm a innocent man for sure, it is what it is for sure  
Nobody gon' ride, had a warrant so I can't hide  
India gon' stay by my side, I did song with Chance tonight  
He gave me positive vibes, to better my image for life  
I turn myself in tonight, head down with these cuffs on, then read me my rights

Yeah, yeah, yeah, God, can you hear me?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, niggas ain't really with me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, main homies turned against me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, heard the story, think I'm finished  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, give my lawyer a hundred and fifty  
Ooh, oh

I got 5 million followers, I need 5 million dollars  
I scream "Free Melly" from my cell even though they ain't got em  
Mmm, free Von, free Zoo, even though they got the same problem  
Mmm, false accusation, why they name droppin'?  
They wanna know if I'm rappin' or robbin', takin' these drugs for family problems  
I get a call, I call my mama, mmm, I'm sorry  
I get a bond, not givin' them property, no, I can't tell, that's part of the policy  
If you don't fuck with me, nigga, then fuck you, but I show love for niggas apart of me  
I went from Margielas to state shoes, Amiri denims to jump suits  
Locked in a cell with a curfew, in population, they can hurt you  
No PC, commissary and receipts, fan mail, I gotta reread  
New rappers wanna be, can't be me, I'm gangsta

Yeah, yeah, yeah, God, can you hear me?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, niggas ain't really with me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, main homies turned against me

Yeah, yeah, yeah, heard the story, think I'm finished  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, give my lawyer a hundred and fifty  
Ooh, oh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, God, can you hear me?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, niggas ain't really with me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, main homies turned against me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, heard the story, think I'm finished  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, give my lawyer a hundred and fifty  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, niggas ain't really with me